THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

Devoted to the Development and Propagation of Truth, the Enfranchisement and Cultivation of the Human Mind.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1854. VOLUME I.—NO. 13.

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COMPTON, GIBSON & CO., have removed their Lithographing and Engraving establishment from the Commercial Advertiser buildings to the new store erected by J. Sage & Sons, No. 209 Main street. 1-6m

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BOOK, JOB AND ORNAMENTAL

Type, Borders, Rules, Scripts, &c., would respectfully call the attention of printers and publishers to his establishment. Enjoying ample facilities for executing orders of any magnitude, he hopes, by promptness, to merit a continuance of the favors heretofore bestowed upon him, believing it to be for the interest of printers in the West and Candada to make their purchases here at New York prices, thereby saving the expense and inconvenience of transportation. HOE & CO'S Celebrated Presses always on hand, or furnished at short notice, at manufacturer's prices.

Buffalo, September, 1854. 1tf

Poetry.

From the Christian Repository.

Reform.

BY LAURA EGGLESTON.

Reform! Reform! the notes are thrilling
  From thousand voices old and young;
Earth's sunny vale and mountains swelling,
  Are echoing as the song is sung.

Thrones sink in ruins; crowns do tumble,
  As onward rolls the "shaking sound;"
Old feudal fanes to dust must crumble,
  Nor their localities be found!

Old Tyranny, with all her forces,
  Eventually must die away;
And Liberty, with million sources,
  Forever roll their hallowed way!

Fair Peace shall rise, and altercations
  Go down with red Bellona's train;
And Amity cement the nations
  In Friendship's everlasting chain!

Then, million hearts shall rise—fraternal,
  And enter pure religion's halls:
Love's golden banners brood supernal,
  Wave oe'r them, on Truth's glorious walls.

Hail! golden era of salvation,
  When Peace and Charity shall reign:
Complete the work of Reformation!
  And earth become an Eden fane.

* * *

Judge Not.

BY MRS. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW.

Scorn not the Poet's wildest lay,
  But rather think your own eyes dim;
The light of inspiration may
  Seem faint to *you*, but bright to HIM.

How can you tell, but some great plan
  May in his high-wrought fancies lie,
To benefit his fellow-man,
  And teach him how to live—not die?

Think your own judgment may be weak,
  Your heart not trained to comprehend
The earnest truth which others seek,
  To make themselves the world's best friend.

Fling not your taunts upon the schemes
  Of those who labor to do good;
Reject not that which idle seems,
  Because by *you* not understood.

Miscellany.

The Cousins.

A COUNTRY TALE.—BY MISS MITFORD.

Towards the middle of the principal street in my native town of Cranley, stands, or did stand, for I speak of things that happened many years back, a very long fronted, very regular, very ulgy brick house, whose large gravelled court, flanked on each side by offices reaching to the street, was divided from the pavement by iron gates and palisades, and a row of Lombardy poplars, rearing their slender columns so as to veil, without shading, a mansion which evidently considered itself, and was considered by its neighbours, as holding the first rank in the place. That mansion, indisputably the best in the town, belonged, of course, to the lawyer; and that lawyer was, as may not unfrequently be found in small places, one of the most eminent solicitors in the county.

Richard Molesworth, the individual in question, was a person obscurely born and slenderly educated, who, by dint of prudence, industry, integrity, tact and luck, had risen through the various gradations of writing clerk, managing clerk and junior partner, to be himself the head of a great office, and a man of no small property or slight importance. Half of Cranley belonged to him, for he had the passion for brick and mortar, often observed amongst those who have accumulated large fortunes in totally different pursuits, and liked nothing better than running up rows and terraces, repairing villas, and rebuilding farm houses. The better half of Cranley called him master, to say nothing of six or seven snug farms in the neighborhood, of the goodly estate and manor of Hinton, famous for its preserves and fisheries, or of a command of floating capital which borrowers, who came to him with good securities in their hands, found almost inexhaustible. In short, he was one of those men with whom every thing had prospered through life; and, in spite of a profession too often obnoxious to an unjust, because sweeping, prejudice, there was a pretty universal feeling amongst all who knew him that his prosperity was deserved. A kind temper, a moderate use of power and influence, a splendid hospitality, and that judicious liberality which shows itself in small things as well as in great ones (for it is by two-penny savings that men get an ill name,) served to insure his popularity with high and low. Perhaps, his tall, erect, portly figure, his good humored countenance, cheerful voice, and frank address, contributed something to his reputation; his remarkable want of pretension or assumption of any sort certainly did, and as certainly the absence of every thing striking, clever or original, in his conversation. That he must be a man of personal as well as of professional ability, no one tracing his progress through life could for a moment doubt; but, reversing the witty epigram on our wittiest monarch, he reserved his wisdom for his actions, and whilst all that he did, showed the most admirable sense and judgment, he never said a word that rose above the level of the merest commonplace, vapid, inoffensive, dull and safe.

So accomplished, both in what he was, and in what he was not, our lawyer, at the time of which we write, had been for many years the oracle of the country gentlemen, held all public offices not inconsistent with each other, which their patronage could bestow, and in the shape of stewardships, trusts and agencies, managed half the landed estates in the county. He was even admitted into visiting intercourse, on a footing of equality very uncommon in the aristocratic circles of country society—a society which is, for the most part, quite as exclusive as that of London, though in a different way. For this he was well suited, not merely by his own unaffected manners, high animal spirits, and nicety of tact, but by the circumstances of his domestic arrangements. After having been twice married, Mr. Molesworth found himself, at nearly sixty, a second time a widower.

His first wife had been a homely, frugal, managing woman, whose few hundred pounds and her saving habits had, at that period of his life, for they were early united, conduced in their several ways to enrich and benefit her equally thrifty but far more aspiring husband. She never had a child; and, after doing him all possible good in her lifetime, was so kind as to die just as his interest and his ambition required more liberal housekeeping and higher connexion, each of which, as he well knew, would repay its cost. For connexion accordingly he married, choosing the elegant though portionless sister of a poor baronet, by whom he had two daughters, at intervals of seven years; the eldest being just of sufficient age to succeed her mother as mistress of the family, when she had the irreparable misfortune to lose the earliest, the tenderest, and the most inestimable friend that a young woman can have. Very precious was the memory of her dear mother to Agnes Molesworth! Although six years had passed between her death and the period at which our little story begins, the affectionate daughter had never ceased to lament her loss.

It was to his charming daughters that Mr. Molesworth's pleasant house owed its chief attraction. Conscious of his own deficient education, no pains or money had been spared in accomplishing them to the utmost height of fashion.

The least accomplished was, however, as not unfrequently happens, by far the most striking; and many a high-born and wealthy client, disposed to put himself thoroughly at ease at his solicitor's table, and not at all shaken in his purpose by the sight of a pretty Jessy,—a short, light, airy girl, with a bright, sparkling countenance, all lillies and roses, and dimples and smiles, sitting, exquisitely dressed, in an elegant morning room, with her guitar in her lap, her harp at her side, and her drawing table before her,—has suddenly felt himself awed into his best and most respectful breeding, when introduced to her retiring but self-possessed elder sister, drest with an almost matronly simplicity, and evidently full, not of her own airs and graces, but of the modest and serious courtesy which beseemed her station as the youthful mistress of the house.

Dignity, a mild and gentle, but still a most striking dignity, was the prime characteristic of Agnes Molesworth in look and in mind. Her beauty was the beauty of sculpture, as contradistinguished from that of painting; depending mainly on form and expression, and little on color. There could hardly be a stronger contrast than existed between the marble purity of her finely-grained complexion, the softness of her deep grey eye, the calm composure of her exquisitely-moulded features, and the rosy cheeks, the brilliant glances, and the playful animation, of Jessy. In a word, Jessy was a pretty girl, and Agnes was a beautiful woman. Of these several facts both sisters were of course perfectly aware; Jessy, because every body told her so, and she must have been deaf to have escaped the knowledge; Agnes, from some process equally certain, but less direct; for few would have ventured to take the liberty of addressing a personal compliment to one evidently too proud to find pleasure in anything so nearly resembling flattery as praise.

Few, excepting her looking-glass and her father, had ever told Agnes that she was handsome, and yet she was as conscious of her surpassing beauty as Jessy of her sparkling prettiness; and, perhaps, as a mere question of appearance and becomingness, there might have been as much coquetry in the severe simplicity of attire and of manner which distinguished one sister, as in the elaborate adornment and innocent showing-off of the other. There was, however, between them exactly such a real and internal difference of taste and of character as the outward show served to indicate. Both were true, gentle, good and kind; but the elder was as much loftier in mind as in stature, was full of high pursuit and noble purpose; had abandoned drawing, from feeling herself dissatisfied with her own performances, as compared with the works of real artists; reserved her musical talent entirely for her domestic circle, because she put too much soul into that delicious art to make it a mere amusement; and was only saved from becoming a poetess, by her almost exclusive devotion to the very great in poetry—to Wordsworth, to Milton, and to Shakspeare. These tastes she very wisely kept to herself; but they gave a higher and firmer tone to her character and manners; and more than one peer, when seated at Mr. Molesworth's hospitable table, has thought within himself how well his beautiful daughter would become a coronet.

Marriage, however, seemed little in her thoughts. Once or twice, indeed, her kind father had pressed on her the brilliant establishments that had offered,—but her sweet questions, "Are you tired of me? Do you wish me away?" had always gone straight to his heart, and had put aside for the moment the ambition of his nature even for this his favorite child.

Of Jessy, with all her youthful attraction, he had always been less proud, perhaps less fond. Besides, her destiny he had long in his own mind considered as decided. Charles Woodford, a poor relation, brought up by his kindness, and recently returned into his family from a great office in London, was the person on whom he had long ago fixed for the husband of his youngest daughter, and for the immediate partner and eventual successor to his great and flourishing business:—a choice that seemed fully justified by the excellent conduct and remarkable talents of his orphan cousin, and by the apparently good understanding and mutual affection that subsisted between the young people.

This arrangement was the more agreeable to him, as, providing munificently for Jessy, it allowed him the privilege of making, as in lawyer-phrase he used to boast, "an elder son" of Agnes, who would, by this marriage of her younger sister, become one of the richest heiresses of the county. He had even, in his own mind, elected for her future spouse, in the person of a young baronet who had lately been much at the house, and in favor of whose expected addresses (for proposals had not yet been made—the gentleman had gone no farther than attentions) he had determined to exert the paternal authority which had so long lain dormant.

But in the affairs of love, as of all others, man is born to disappointment. "*L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose,*" is never truer than in the great matter of matrimony. So found poor Mr. Molesworth, who—Jessy having arrived at the age of eighteen, and Charles at that of two-and-twenty,—offered his pretty daughter and the lucrative partnership to his pennyless relation, and was petrified with astonishment and indignation to find the connexion very respectfully but very firmly declined. The young man was very much distressed and agitated; "he had the highest respect for Miss Jessy; but he could not marry her—he loved another!" And then he poured forth a confidence as unexpected as it was undesired by his incensed patron, who left him in undiminished wrath and increased perplexity.

The interview had taken place immediately after breakfast; and when the conference was ended, the provoked father sought his daughters, who, happily unconscious of all that had occurred, were amusing themselves in their conservatory—a scene always as becoming as it is agreeable to youth and beauty. Jessy was flitting about like a butterfly amongst the fragrant orange trees and the bright geraniums; Agnes standing under a superb fuschia that hung over a large marble basin, her form and attitude, her white dress, and the classical arrangement of her dark hair, giving her the look of some nymph or naiad, a rare relic of Grecian art. Jessy was prattling gaily, as she wandered about of a concert which they had attended the evening before at the county town:

"I hate concerts!" said the pretty little flirt. "To sit bolt upright on a hard bench for four hours, between the same four people, without the possibility of moving or of speaking to any body, or of any body's getting to us! Oh! how tiresome it is!"

"I saw Sir Edmund trying to slide through the crowd to reach you," said Agnes, a little archly: "his presence would, perhaps, have mitigated the evil. But the barricade was too complete; he was forced to retreat, without accomplishing his object."

"Yes, I assure you, he thought it very tiresome, he told me so when we were coming out. And then the music!" pursued Jessy; "the noise that they call music! Sir Edmund says that he likes no music except my guitar, or a flute on the water; and I like none except your playing on the organ, and singing Handel on a Sunday evening, or Charles Woodford's reading Milton and bits of Hamlet."

"Do you call that music?" asked Agnes, laughing. "And yet," continued she, "it is most truly so, with his Pasta-like voice, and his fine sense of sound; and to you, who do not greatly love poetry for its own sake, it is doubtless a pleasure much resembling in kind that of hearing the most thrilling of melodies on the noblest of instruments. I myself have felt such a gratification in hearing that voice recite the verses of Homer or of Sophocles in the original Greek. Charles Woodford's reading *is* music."

"It is a music which you are neither of you likely to hear again," interrupted Mr. Molesworth, advancing suddenly towards them; "for he has been ungrateful, and I have discarded him."

Agnes stood as if petrified: "Ungrateful! oh, father!"

"You can't have discarded him, to be sure, papa," said Jessy, always good-natured; "poor Charles! what can he have done?"

"Refused your hand, child," said the angry parent; "refused to be my partner and son-in-law, and fallen in love with another lady! What have you to say for him now?"

"Why, really, papa," replied Jessy, "I'm much more obliged to him for refusing my hand than to you for offering it. I like Charles very well for a cousin, but I should not like such a husband at all; so that if this refusal be the worst that has happened, there's no great harm done." And off the gipsy ran, declaring that "she must put on her habit, for she had promised to ride with Sir Edmund and his sister, and expected them every minute."

The father and his favorite daughter remained in the conservatory.

"That heart is untouched, however," said Mr. Molesworth, looking after her with a smile.

"Untouched by Charles Woodford, undoubtedly," replied Agnes, "but has he really refused my sister?"

"Absolutely."

"And does he love another?"

"He says so, and I believe him."

"Is he loved again?"

"That he did not say."

"Did he tell you the name of the lady?"

"Yes,"

"Do you know her?

"Yes."

"Is she worthy of him?"

"Most worthy."

"Has he any hope of gaining her affections? Oh! he must! he must! What woman could refuse him?"

"He is determined not to try. The lady whom he loves is above him in every way; and much as he has counteracted my wishes, it is an honorable part of Charles Woodford's conduct, that he intends to leave his affection unsuspected by its object."

Here ensued a short pause in the dialogue, during which Agnes appeared trying to occupy herself collecting the blossoms of a Cape jessamine and watering a favorite geranium; but it would not do: the subject was at her heart, and she could not force her mind to indifferent occupations. She returned to her father, who had been anxiously watching her motions and the varying expression of her countenance, and resumed the conversation.

"Father! perhaps it is hardly maidenly to avow so much, but although you have never in set words told me your intentions, I have yet seen and known, I can hardly tell how, all that your too kind partiality towards me has designed for your children. You have mistaken me, dearest father, doubly mistaken me; first, in thinking me fit to fill a splendid place in society; next, in imagining that I desired such splendor. You meant to give Jessy and the lucrative partnership to Charles Woodford, and designed me and your large possessions to our wealthy and titled neighbor. And with some little change of persons these arrangements may still for the most part hold good. Sir Edmund may still be your son-in-law and your heir, for he loves Jessy, and Jessy loves him. Charles Woodford may still be your partner and your adopted son, for nothing has chanced that need diminish your affection or his merit. Marry him to the woman he loves. She must be ambitious indeed, if she be not content with such a destiny. And let me live on with you, dear father, single and unwedded, with no thought but to contribute to your comfort, to cheer and brighten your declining years. Do not let your too great fondness for me stand in the way of their happiness! Make me not so odious to them and to myself, dear father! Let me live always with you, and for you—always your own poor Agnes!" And, blushing at the earnestness with which she had spoken, she bent her head over the marble basin, whose waters reflected the fair image, as if she had really been the Grecian statue to which, while he listened, her fond father's fancy had compared her: "Let me live single with you, and marry Charles to the woman whom he loves."

"Have you heard the name of the lady in question? Have you formed any guess who she may be?"

"Not the slightest. I imagined from what you said that she was a stranger to me. Have I ever seen her?"

"You may see her—at least you may see her reflection in the water, at this very moment; for he has had the infinite presumption, the admirable good taste, to fall in love with his cousin Agnes!"

"Father!"

"And now, mine own sweetest! do you still wish to live single with me?"

"Oh, father! father!"

"Or do you desire that I should marry Charles to the woman of his heart?"

"Father! dear father!"

"Choose, my Agnes! It shall be as you command. Speak freely. Do not cling so around me, but speak!"

"Oh, my dear father! Cannot we all live together? I cannot leave you. But poor Charles—surely, father, we may all live together!"

And so it was settled; and a very few months proved that love had contrived better for Mr. Molesworth than he had done for himself. Jessy, with her prettiness, and her title, and her fopperies, was the very thing to be vain of—the very thing to visit for a day;—but Agnes, and the cousin whose noble character and splendid talents so well deserved her, made the pride and the happiness of his home.

* * *

The Hand of God in the Desert.—Bayard Taylor, in his "Journal to Central Africa," thus speaks of the natural beauties of the great Nubian Desert:

"I soon fell into a regular routine of travel, which, during all my later experiences of the desert, never became monotonous. I rose at dawn every morning, bathed my eyes with a handful of the precious water, and drank a cup of coffee. After the tent had been struck, and the camels laden, I walked ahead for two hours, often so far in advance that I lost sight and hearing of the caravan. I found an unspeakable fascination in the sublime solitude of the desert. I often beheld the sun rise, when, within the wide ring of the horizon, there was no other living creature to be seen. He came up like a god, in awful glory, and it would have been a natural act had I cast myself upon the sand and worshipped him. The sudden change in the coloring of the landscape, on his appearance—the lighting up of the dull sand into a warm, golden hue, and the tintings of purple and violet on the distant porphyry hills—was a morning miracle, which I never beheld without awe. The richness of this coloring made the desert beautiful; it was too brilliant for desolation.—The scenery, so far from depressing, inspired and exhilirated me. I never felt the sensation of physical health and strength in such perfection, and was ready to shout from morning till night, from the overflow of happy spirits. The air is an elixir of life, as sweet, and pure, and refreshing as that which the first man breathed, on the morning of creation. You inhale the unadulterated elements of the atmosphere, for there are no exhalations from moist earth, vegetable matter, or the smokes and steams which arise from the abodes of men, to stain its purity. This air, even more than its silence and solitude, is the secret of one's attachment to the desert. It is a beautiful illustration of the compensating care of that Providence which leaves none of the waste places of the earth without some atoning glory. Where all the pleasant aspects of nature are wanting—where there is no green thing, no fount for the thirsty lip, scarcely the shadow of a rock to shield the wanderer in the blazing noon—God has breathed upon the wilderness his sweetest and tenderest breath, giving clearness to the eye, strength to the frame, and the most joyous exhiliration to the spirits."

Long Coats vs. Short Coats.—What is becoming of this age? It goes from one extreme to another without the least notice or warning. We go to bed at night and leave the dandies of Broadway dressed in light inexpressibles and short-tailed overcoats, and awake in the morning to find them arrayed in exaggerated pantaloons, and almost sweeping the pavements with the elongated skirts of their surtouts What shall be done?—Must the world sucomb to the behest of the tailors in this manner? Are gentlemen to be voted "behind the age" unless they will content to jump at once from short-tail garments to the "entangling allisnce" of a coat which seems to be intended, like the ladies dress to sweep the streets? The other day we met in Broadway a moustached gallant clad in a sky-blue coat, with sleeves so large that we could see his arm from his wrist to his elbow, and a skirt to his coat that he evidently could not keep out of the way notwithstanding all his efforts seemed to be devoted to that purpose. We were about philosophising on the absurdity of fashion, when a genuine son of the Emerald Isle, with the stump of a pipe between his teeth, made his appearance. His overcoat evidently made twenty years since, was the exact counterpart of the dandy's which we had just been noticing. Here was a practical exemplification of the subject. The German and Irish who just now land here in their long blue coats, will be surprised to find that they are in the height of fashion, and they promenade Broadway in proud nonchalance. Johnathan Slick, it is said, talks of again spending the winter with us. If he does he will find his "old blue coat" just "the cheese."

In this connection we must do the policemen the justice to give them a compliment for their good looks in their present appropriate dress. Their deep blue coats are cut about the mark, neither too long nor too short, and made of substantial looking cloth, they seem to be well adapted for their business. We put down as a fact not to be questioned, that the members of the police are the best dressed men in New York.—N. *Y Sunday Times.*

New Copper Coin.—The new cent pieces will be issued from the Mint in the course of a few days. They are considerably smaller than the old cent pieces, and form a really beautiful and attractive copper coin. On one side is the head of Liberty, and the thirteen stars being omitted, the surface is plain and polished. The reverse is the same in design as the old cent, but brighter and much more finished. There is a certain amount of alloy mixed with the copper, and the perfection of the die gives to the coin a finish and elegance that has never heretofore been attained in our copper coinage. The new coin will be universally welcomed as a needed and creditable improvement.—*Pennsylvanian.*

The underground railroad must be doing a large business in carrying "chattels." The southern and western papers contain numerous advertisements for runaway slaves. One St. Louis paper contains twenty such advertisements.

Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

BUFFALO, DECEMBER, 23, 1854.

Spiritual Conference.

On Sabbath afternoon last, our first conference meeting was held, at the Hall of Temperance, in the Kremlin Block, which has been obtained for the use of Spiritualists for these meetings. Considering that we forgot to notice the meeting in our last number, and that the weather was stormy and uncomfortable, the attendance exceeded our expectation. It being the first meeting, and there not being more than fifty or sixty in attendance, there was little done beyond a very neat and appropriate address by the President, and some remarks by several members.

The formal dedication will take place next Sabbath afternoon, on which occasion a very able dedicatory address will be read, which has been furnished by the patron spirits of the organization, through Miss Brooks, medium.

Let it be understood that these conference meetings are free to all well disposed and orderly persons who choose to attend them. From a mistaken notion that females were to be excluded, there were not more than half a dozen present at the conference. It should be understood that spiritualists have no meetings that females may not attend and take part in.

The Address for the dedication, purports to come from Franklin; but it is contributed by a large number of Spirits, which, if we had not been told, would have been apparent from the great variety of styles which it exhibits.

Employment for those who need it.

It would be very easy for us to name a dozen men in this city, who could afford to invest capital enough to furnish employment for all the needy females in the city, if they could persuade themselves to forego the extra profit resulting from shaving operations. Let twelve men furnish one thousand dollars each, to procure material for manufacturing garments of all descriptions, which enter most largely into general consumption. Let rooms be provided in third and fourth stories of buildings, to be converted into work-shops. Let cutters and fitters be employed by the week, and let all such females as need employment, go to those shops and labor with their needles, at fair rates of compensation. Let not those who furnish the capital, ask any other profit than lawful interest for their money; and the establishment would grow up into an institution, with capital of its own, capable of conferring inestimable benefits upon those whose fingers must otherwise remain idle, whilst they suffer for want of the necessaries of life which labor should procure for them.

Every philanthropist would aid with his influence, an institution of this kind. The general disposition to favor it, would secure for it the custom of clothing merchants in many parts of the country, and ready sales and fair prices for the manufactured articles, would be obtained, to any amount. It is evident that those who are engaged in the manufacture of clothing, not only pay themselves legal interest for the capital invested, but in many instances, make themselves wealthy by the profits accruing, after paying labor, rent and all expenses.—This wealth, of course, arises from the profits made on the labor of those by whose fingers the work is done. This is legitimate business, and cannot be complained of, as the world goes. But the pinching, griping, shaving and starving those who perform the labor, to make the profits greater, is what may justly be complained of, and what will be obviated by an institution like that which we propose.

There are a great many widows left with families of children to support, whose husbands have fallen victims to the rum traffic which is suffered to be continued in this land of light and liberty, at this advanced age of moral progress. Those widows had become inured to hardships before rum had finished the work of bereavement which it commenced in the early part of their matrimonial lives. This makes the dependence on themselves less afflicting than it would otherwise have been. But the pressure of the money panic makes employment scarce. This, with the high prices of every thing upon which families have to subsist, renders it indispensable that some measures of relief should be resorted to for families without male heads to lean upon. The benefits which would result from an institution of this kind, to those who are willing to labor, who cannot subsist without employment, and who cannot obtain any, at any other than the most oppressive rates of remuneration, can scarcely be estimated.

O, what a happy thing it would be for those who are now ground to the dust by hard-hearted, skinning employers, if men of wealth, generally, could know what happiness they would feel in the administration of a measure of relief, which would not impoverish them a penny in a year. If, instead of laboring unremittingly and sleeplessly, as the most of wealthy men do, to double the inventory of their worldly substance, they should set about ameliorating the condition of those who writhe under the stress of pinching want, their hoard of earthly gear would rather be augmented than diminished, and they would not only secure to themselves ten-fold greater enjoyment in this life, but would be fitting up a mansion for future residence and enjoyment, whose blissfulness the human mind can have no conception of.

If you, reader, are a man of wealth, and your soul is not corroded with avarice, you have, in the course of your life, rendered gratuitous assistance to the widow and fatherless, or to the honest but unfortunate man. Look back, we beg you, to all the acts of this kind that you can remember, and ask yourself if you did not, in each one of them, experience a thrill of enjoyment far exceeding the pleasure which you ever experienced in acquiring the same amount of money. If, then, to give, is so much more blessed than to receive, what would be your enjoyment in administering to the necessities of thousands, without diminishing your store in the smallest degree. Money or goods, bestowed on the poor, in charity, does good for the time being, because it puts the evil day of starvation farther off. But oh! how this kind of aid sinks the naturally independent spirit! how the constitutionally noble soul writhes and shrinks under it! Dependence, inferiority, pauperism, seems to them to be written on their foreheads; and they feel like slinking away and hiding themselves from the gaze of man.

On the contrary, those who are favored with the friendly influence of philanthropic souls, in the way of procuring remunerating employment for their hands and minds, by which they can feed and clothe themselves and families with their own earnings, feel that they are on equal footing with the best, inferior to nobody, and can meet their patrons, not only with gratitude welling up from their heart of hearts, but with a pleasure beaming in their countenances, which can never glow in the face of him or her whose spirit is subdued by dependence on charity.

Slander.

He that hideth hatred with lying lips, and he that uttereth a slander, is a fool. (*Prov.* x-18.)

Whoso privily slandereth his neighbor, will I cut off. (*Psalms* c1-5.)

Solomon said wisely and truly, in the first of these quotations. If the hypocrite and slanderer be not a fool, Solomon was neither wise nor truthful. David came to a wise conclusion when he said he would cut off those who privily slandered a neighbor. Nor was James far out of the way, when, in speaking of the tongue of the slanderer, he said: "It is an unruly evil full of deadly poison."

Without an unsullied reputation, life is of no value. To a man or woman who is fit to live and to be received into the society of the good and the pure, the death of the body is far preferable to a blasted reputation. If this be true—and we think the position will be sustained by every one who knows the value of an untarnished name—is not he or she who secretly and malignantly stabs the reputation of a neighbor, even worse than the assassian who takes away the life of the body? We do not see how a different conclusion can be arrived at. What think you, then—you who slyly, sneakingly, enviously and malignantly slander your neighbors—of the comparison between a slanderer and a murderer? Did you ever take the above view of the case, and, in your imaginings, put your character in the side of the balance opposite that of the midnight assassin? You perceive by the above reasoning, that yours would preponderate. Yours would prove the heavier, the more deadly and damnable character of the two. The slanderer, in these days, is rarely punished at all, whilst the less guilty assassin, who sends the steel's point or the leaden ball to the vitals of his victim, must suffer death by strangulation. David, whom the "sacred volume" represents as one after God's own heart, said he would cut the slanderer off; which, in scripture language, means that he would put him to death; and David's word was law, for he was an absolute monarch. By this it is evident, that the only potentate of ancient times who was so righteous that he was said to be a type of God's own heart, took the same view of the case that we have. Indeed, he did not always cut off those who imbrued their hands in human blood; but the slanderer he would not spare. We think David was right in his estimate of the two characters.

Now, reader, whoever you are, look carefully into your own interior, and see what you find there. Do you see that you have said hard things of your neighbors, which truth would not bear you out in? Do you see that, when you have heard persons spoken well of, for some prominent virtue which you could not gainsay, you have cast about for something of an opposite character to say of them, as an offset to such commendation, and that for want of some derogatory truth to tell, you have resorted to slanderous lies to serve your purpose? Do you see that you have uttered falsehoods against your neighbor's character, in a spirit of revenge for his or her want of confidence in your professions of honor and honesty, or for some other imaginary offence? Do you see that you have falsely charged others with the deeds of wickedness and baseness which were the acts of your own hands, to transfer the odium and the penalty from yourself, who deserves them, to him who does not deserve them? Do you see that your nature is so base that you would much rather hear innocent persons spoken evil of, than to hear offending ones spoken charitably of? Do you see that you have, in a coward spirit which dared not to utter open slander, insinuated evil against female innocence and purity, by winks and shrugs and blinks and nods, and by such remarks as: "O yes, she is all purity." "Did you ever hear about—but I'll say nothing," with all the dark insinuations that black-hearted malice could suggest? Do you see that, when you wish to rival your neighbor in any business enterprise, you traduce and belie him, instead of emulating and endeavoring to surpass him in attention to business and the practice of fair dealing? If you do see all, or any of these symptoms of a depraved nature, you may know that you are a slanderer, such an one as king David would have put to death as soon and as righteously as he would a murderer.

Spiritualism.

Fourth Lecture.

The following is the fourth lecture, delivered by the spirit of Stephen R. Smith, through Miss Brooks. It was commenced on Thursday evening, Dec. 14th.

TRUTH.

There is in all creations, formed and in process of formation, principles which account for their origin and development. The Sun in making its revolutions, is continually throwing off particles of matter which form other creations. These creations will develope into worlds similar to your own. These universes are in the distant heaven above you. Minds inhabiting your planet and surrounding ones, have discovered these new worlds, and are striving to penetrate deeper into the philosophy of their origin. Mind discovers laws which govern these universes; and this is *truth.*

There is an element parvading all nature that arrays it in splendor and magnificence so beautiful that the mind feels inspired with lofty and noble thoughts when contemplating its natural arrangement of harmony and order, and this is *truth.*

There is not a human being but what bears a type of different propensities of some animal. We behold the cunning and intriguing man; and here is a resemblance of the fox. And so we might prove this fact in every man; but nature is truth, and proves to you there is an inner and outer being, or self. One has its natural relation to the spiritual being; the other to the animal or material. The inner self is the spirit. This inhabits a material form; and when the spirit is endeavoring to attain some point where truth attracts it, materiality clogs its spiritual senses, and here truth loses its force and becomes weak, because the medium through which it is conveyed partakes of two natures. Thus truth, diluted with falsehood, loses its strength, because it has its opposite to contend with. The spiritual vision may identify a form of beauty and natural elements in the passing breeze; man may discover a splendor in the ascension of the Moon to its midnight throne; he may behold magnificence when the sun is declining in a bed of molten gold, to its nightly repose; he may see loveliness in the simple flower; he may, in his contemplation of God and heaven, behold a holiness and sacredness in his own soul; but as he gazes upon all of these truths, the outer being throws a vail over his spirit's contemplations, and his soul sickens while in this condition, as each nature seeks its like. The two cannot blend or harmonize together, and thus he drowns his elevated and pure thoughts in the whirlpool of worldly enjoyment. The outer self predominates, and attracts the mind to earthly objects; and, if largely developed, will lead him to the most depraved scenes in human life. He feels no desire to learn of truths important to himself, but a recklessness creeps over him, and he cares not for God or man.

[Here the spirit said: "rest a little."

When the spirit first commenced rapping, Mr. B. stopped the mantle clock, whose ticking seemed to mingle too much with the raps. Directly after the words "rest a little," the spirit enquired What time is it? Mr. B. went into another room, where his watch hung, and returned with the answer: "It is half past ten." The spirit replied: "I did not design to keep you later than half past nine. The time-piece that I go by appears to have stopped. I did not miss its ticking; but when I looked repeatedly and found it always the same time, I began to surmise that its music had ceased. Can you come again to-morrow evening?" I replied that I could. He rejoined: "You will do me a great favor if you will, for the battery which I now have is so weak that I find it impossible to communicate as fast as my mind furnishes the language."]

Friday Evening, Dec. 15th.

At seven o'clock, the spirit proceeded to finish his lecture on Truth, as follows:

Progression is forever. Truth is everlasting. The mind will never return to its primary vortex of chaos, but will come forth into new and higher creations, ultimately changing from the earthly to the eternal. Truth is magnanimous; it assists the human mind to elaborate its conceptions of God. Man! God records no deed of wrong against you in heaven. It is He that imparted activity to your nature, and gave force to intellect. Through his immutable laws was produced your origin, and what he created, whether spiritual or material—good or evil. Would he desire to curse you because you are imperfect? If this is so, then every human being must be plunged into the sea of damnation, for no man is perfect. How false—how utterly absurd the theological doctrines taught by enlightened minds, as if God created a power in opposition and equal to himself, so that when the change takes place, the devil will come up from hell and take the undeveloped to his demoniacal region, and God descend from his throne of love and bear the developed spirit to heaven. Every wise mind shrinks from this cold reasoning. From harmonious principles, manifested in surrounding nature and throughout the infinitude of mind and matter, man discovers laws which reflect truths into his mind, and from truth, we know there is a God, and a spirit-world where the mind enters as it leaves its tenement of clay, progressing in truth unchanging forever.

As the granite rock is beneath the refinement of the human mind, so is there inanimate and gross matter existing beneath the soil, tens of millions times lower than the object it pervades. In millions of ages, away into the deep and impenetrable future, material objects and forms now existing, will pass away, and the spiritual emanation concentrate its refinement and development in conjunction with the internal world and immortal progress, and this low matter will become objects and forms supplying the place of the finite now made infinite by the transition from the crude material to the refined spiritual. Universal changes are continually going on in the unbounded and immeasurable organization of nature. Every object is undergoing some change or modification. As flower produces flower, so does the human mind, by the same immutable law, produce mind, developing embodiments of spiritual matter in a spirit freed from materiality. Inanimate matter cannot so exist; but when refined and eterlnaized, it can pass through all the stages of development met within a progressive eternity. As universes throng around the shores of immensity, as harmony interchanges and interpenetrates into nature, as the great creative power glows with magnificence around the attractive points of creation, so shall the human mind burst the fetters of theological bondage, and contemplate the rich and almost insurmountable truths which roll in mighty waves from the divine fount of God's immortal power.

Yours,

Stephen R. Smith.

☞ The following was communicated by an enlarged spirit, through the hand of a lady medium, of this city, who is not yet ready to take up the cross and give her name to the scoffing and sneering world:

On introducing myself to the pubiic, I will forego all ceremony and at once endeavor to dispel the gloom that now enshrouds many minds with regard to "spiritual presentations."

My first position will be to enquire of the objector; what produces locomotive power and action in the human frame?

The reply, I behold in the minds of many, saying—animal powers are sufficient to create action independent of any immediate volition of the instrument. Admitting that, I will enquire: What causes the instrument to be so varied in its pursuits? Again do I foresee the reply, asserting, that the *mind* of man, or rather the *immortal* part, or *undying nature* implanted within the perishable tenement, is competent to control its movements, therein producing various manifestations of human wisdom.

Now, I ardently desire the objector to examine his position, fearing he has already committed himself to the spiritual philosophy, by acknowledging the existence of indvidual reflecting powers; as that is acknowledging the *essence* or *element* of the father indwelling in all his children. I will liken the condition of the heavenly father to that of the earthly parent, who, in beholding his children incompetent to the fulfilment of a desired task, immediately offers to aid them by his superior wisdom, thereby relieving their duties, and rendering them useful instruments in their particular sphere. Thus with the heavenly parent, when he beholds an organism adapted for the transmission of unusual light (as all mortals receive superior aid) he avails himself of that instrument for the presentation of truths for the enlightenment of humanity.

Forthwith the objection arises, that our attempted efforts in behalf of seekers for truth, contradict the original design of the Father, as he pronounced his handy-work *good!* Yet, in pronouncing the *instrument* wisely constructed, did he proclaim to all succeeding generations that no farther aid should be offered from his unending store-house of knowledge?

Could mortals learn to discriminate between the mental and physical, and perceive that his exclamation applied exclusively to the *physical* nature, they would more readily yield his ability to aid the undeveloped *mental* powers.

To render my position still more transparent to the mind of the peruser, I will again apply to the human parent for an illustration.

On beholding the radiant and almost heavenly countenance of their new-born infant, they may exclaim—our fondest desires are realized—the workmanship is "*good;*" yet, little, oh! how little, does the inexperienced parent realize the constant promptings his undeveloped offspring will require, in becoming a useful actor on the stage of human life. Now, I desire all to perceive the *uniting chain of aid* that is offered for the advancement of the undeveloped.

First—The earthly parent guides its untried footsteps, and causes its vocal organs to reverberate with joyous sounds throughout the human habitation; while the heavenly Father, foreseeing their limited ability to instruct, has placed a safeguard in the form of departed kindred encircling them with their spiritualized atmosphere, therein furnishing constant food to resuscitate their enfeebled powers, while the same glorious connection is continued, until they arrive at the Source from whence *all wisdom* emanates—the heavenly Father!

Now, my dear friends of earth, I trust scoffing will be abandoned in view of the increased light which God is endeavoring to manifest, as no inconsistency exists therein, but one glorious chain of harmony, which, if allowed to become united, will connect the *earthly* and *spiritual* so strongly, that heaven can be fully commenced on earth, to be perfected when the incumbrance of the physical nature is removed.

The mortal existence was wisely bestowed, as the entire volume of nature testifies. The Father created man with individual capacities for improvement, surrounding him with food for the gratification of every natural sense; meantime not placing him so remotely from his immediate watchfulness that he should famish for *spiritual* food.

Now I desire you to take a retrospective view. Since the dawn of christianity, one continued scene of mental improvement is presented. Still the unceasing cry of the human investigator is, "Father, give me more spiritual light, or my soul must faint for sustenance!" Now, in accordance with the character of the faithful guardian, He seeks numerous sources whereby He can manifest His superior wisdom to the minds of His earthly children. Then marvel not at such "presentations," as it will but fulfil the divine arrangements of the Father, should His children prove themselves worthy instruments whereby such glorious designs can be made manifest.

Had darkness encircled the earth, and gross darkness the people, present evidences would have been wholly unnecessary, as mankind would not then have partaken of all the light offered for their instruction.

My desire is not to present spiritual light, *superior to the comprehension* of mortals, but rather to portray the beauty and consistency of all God's arrangements, thereby stimulating earth's children to noble and God-like purposes, and sacrifices, (if need be,) that their advancement may be accomplished, and the wisdom of the Father be presented in furnishing aid sufficient to satisfy their most ardent desires. "Seek and ye shall find," should be a promise engraven in radiant characters on the minds of all investigators in the school of scientific, philosophic or spiritual research, that they may not weary in their glorious pursuits.

Harmony is the watch-word of Nature: thus food for reflection is ever offered man in his different degrees of progression. The sensual appetite is sated in its immediate atmosphere, while the mind, more fully impregnated with spiritual life, soars aloft until the tenement is nearly forgotten.

Behold the astronomer—his far-searching vision can not be circumscribed by earthly limits. He enters the arena of spiritual life in the perspective, where he can be permitted to roam from one habitable globe to another, until his investigating appetite is fully gratified from the abundance that surrounds him. Again allow me to revert to the philanthropist. His earthly sphere of usefulness is extended, and thereby are many weary hearts caused to rejoice; yet, can you not therein behold desires unfulfilled, which must be quieted through spiritual promises, wherein he is assured that the happy period will arrive when no retarding influences can prevent the accomplishment of his wishes in the cause of human amelioration? Still farther, allow me to refer to one of earth's laborers—the teacher or expounder, whose desire is to present the precepts of Christ to his earthly cotemporaries in a true and consistent character, while previous errors or presentations drawn from that sacred source, nearly obscure the light of truth from shedding its full radiance upon the minds of men. Can you not herein perceive the light to guide such teachers in their duty? Then how pleasing are rendered the sacrifices in beholding spiritual advancement attained even "through great tribulation."

Thus it is in every pursuit of life. Investigate the motive power, and you will perceive an aid and stimulus offered through this unparalleled source.

The enquiry arises: does not an unholy motive prompt many earthly movements? In replying, I will say, the Father created an individual care, for the protection of the body, but unfortunately, that has been fostered and nurtured so constantly that the selfish nature has apparently (in many) gained the ascendancy; still, enough of the superior nature dwells in each of the Father's offspring to stimulate him to individual action, whereby *some* benefit will result to the human family.

Inventive powers may now be developed, whereby, if they are *separately* viewed, no useful object can be discovered. Yet, *associated with developments through another organism,* important objects may be accomplished.

Now I desire you to view the human family as different limbs or members of the great "universal whole," whereby each member is benefitted by developments, admitting, however, that all are not equally advanced, yet each have the different degrees of progression to attain. Thus, a ray of light superior to that which now dawns upon the enlightened understanding, may not permeate the individual atmosphere of the barbarian, in centuries. Yet nevertheless, his period for the reception of advanced truth is being hastened by present investigations.

When mortals abandon prejudice (a spontaneous fruit of humanity) and allow their reflective powers to be exercised in behalf of spiritualism, they will become *advocates,* rather than objectors to these truths. You perceive when their individual natures are appealed to, reason assures them, released mortals are not advanced from these demon strations; thus the entire benefit results to those still inhabiting the earthly house. When the conviction forces itself upon the mind, that our manifestations are independent of human will, also acknowledging future existence, the conflict is nearly over, as the mind at once enquires: could God act without an object? Furthermore, of what avail are his *designs* without the *means* for executing? Are not his children the *natural* subjects whereby to manifest himself? Could *inanimate* objects as clearly portray his wisdom? True, nature is an unceasing advocate in behalf of the Father, and I will liken her to a human theatre with scenery beautiful beyond language to delineate, yet, divested of actors thereon, the scene would become wearisome to the beholder; and thus the earth with all her glorious adornments, disdisconnected with the human family, is of no avail, as her beauties and multiplied productions are designed for the gratification of human desires.

Spiritual wants are constantly gratified in appealing to their natural element, Love, (or God,) as the one fully personates the other.

I trust all desiring superior light will endeavor to behold the continued scene of harmony that pervades the Father's designs, *disconnected from human transgressions.*

No mysterious revelations are now manifest but a *higher developement* in God's unending scene of beauty and progression; and herein let me entreat you, to consider nothing absurd that harmonizes with your purest and loftiest desires, as the mind is the monitor placed within you for the discharge of duties designed by superior power.

In complying with wishes herein expressed, the spiritual student will be prepared to receive light more intimately connected with a permanent abiding place, or a description of spiritual existence, a recital of which, will divest earth of many sorrows and the transition of all terrors.

Thy Spirit Brother,

J. M. S.

For the Age of Progress.

Mr. Editor:—Well, suppose spirits do communicate, of what use is it to mankind?—This is frequently the question asked by an objector to the "modern miracles" in the form, or at least, the spirit of a severe rebuke, to all who believe in them. It would take me through a long sermon to answer that question as fully as facts would warrant. There are almost countless instances in which this intercourse with spirits has reformed the man, made the inebriate sober, the profane to sin not with his tongue, the libertine chaste, the liar truthful, &c., &c. Yet it may not be amiss, in a journal like yours, to state definitely one prominent Truth taught by the spirits, which in its power upon the action of man, is destined to redeem the race—viz: Individual Responsibility!—The old doctrine, that the transgressor of Law can transfer the effect of his act to a substitute, and that upon that substitute, the penalty may be (or has been) inflicted, is not taught by the spirits. Let me, for a moment, suppose, that all men did most unqualifiedly believe that there will be inflicted a penalty for every transgression; or in other words, that God is wise and just, (for that tells the whole story) how soon would we see a most happy change in the state of society—in the condition of the human family! Here the bright angels offer us almost a Panacea for the ills, the crimes too, of life. Is it not true, that the present lamentable condition of mankind, is more owing to the belief in the doctrine of Substitution, than any other, or all other reasons that can be assigned? What but a premium on sin, is the promise that he who sins may not suffer—he that violates law, may not be held responsible? Can a man with his present development, be trusted to commune with his fellows under such impressions, believing such teachings? But let him know that God has established laws, both for body and mind, and that He will in no case, spare the guilty, will always be true to himself—that he changeth not—let him be assured of this, and he will cease to do evil and learn to do well. He will soon set his house in order, so that he sin not himself, neither cause his brother to offend. I wonder if the supporters of the doctrine of Vicarious Atonement, ever reflected upon the justice of God in requiring the death of an innocent immaculate man, in the place of the guilty one. Thanks to our spirit friends, they have in these latter days, reiterated the words of the Son of God (par excellence) so frequently and so distinctly, that he who will, may be saved. We had well nigh lost the glorious truths which he taught, among the rubbish heaped upon them by the orthodox clergy. Yet thanks, I say, to the spirits, the *truth* is again set before us in all its beauty and majesty.

T. M. F.

Where will it stop?

That the Spiritual movement will by and by come to an end, many disbelievers either do, or affect to, believe. Their faith in this negation is worth about as much, however, as anything else of like character, and doubtless springs simply and only from their strong desire to have it so. They are hereby informed that they cannot be gratified, for Spiritualism has an end in view, of which they little dream, indeed, but which as surely determines its constant progress and its ultimate triumph, as the triumph and the progress of any movement, or any principle upon the whole heavens, was ever insured. That end is an ENTIRELY NEW CREATION ON THIS GLOBE. First, a new Spiritual creation, and then, as properly and legitimately growing out of this, a new material creation. The earth and man are not yet finished. Both are yet to be unfolded and perfected beyond even the dreams of the greatest dreamer, and the imagination of the keenest mind. Spiritualism, as we see it, will not rest with its beautiful and sure demonstrations of immortality, with its healing of the sick, and the amusements it sometimes seems to afford to mere "curiosity seekers." No no; it is utterly unworthy of the subject to rest here—to go no farther—to be content with these comparatively inferior ends. Its great aim always has been and still is, the entire emancipation of man and woman—the complete elevation of Humanity. With nothing less than this will it be content—with nothing less will it finish its work.

It has been given us to see, somewhat, the principles, the prophecies, and the sure tendencies of the movements; and though its speed may be slow, as men count slowness, become of the immensity of the movement itself, yet the surety is, in just the proper time, to bring an end in human conditions, as far superior to the present state of things, as Heaven is superior to Hell! This is our own clear sight—the deepest and single conviction of our heart, and *the* consideration above all others, that inspires us to labour on still, through evil report and through good report. And thus may it ever be ours to labour.—*New Era.*

Americans at the Table.—Robert Chambers, in his recent volume on "Things In America," remarks, that a person accustomed to visit among the middle classes in Great Britain, is astonished at the profusion at table in all quarters of America. "There is," he says, "no stinting as to food." He adds, "It was often pressed to my notice in the United States, that the hired laborers in the fields are provided with better fare than falls to thousands of the 'genteel' classes in England."

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Christmas Day.

Monday next is the anniversary of the nativity of Jesus, the Jew, who lived between eighteen and nineteen hundred years ago—who was the greatest and purest spiritual medium that ever lived in the world, that we have any account of—who was, contrary to his own desire, worshipped as a God by some, whilst he was derided and despised by others. He was sent to purge the minds of the Jewish nation of their false religious notions, and to establish a general faith in the only true God. The Chief Priests and Pharisees, actuated by the same spirit which actuates the same classes at this day, insisted that he did all his wonderful works through Beelzebub, the prince of devils; and they maligned, abused and insulted him, as mediums are maligned, abused and insulted at this day. And they, finally, laid violent hands on him, bore false witness against him, condemned him, and murdered him, just as the clergy and their violent adherents would do now, if this nation were not farther progressed in religious tolerance, freedom of thought, intellectual refinement and spiritual elevation, than the Jews of that age were. If circumstances were now and here, as they were then and there, the faggots would soon blaze around the spiritual media of the country; and believers would have to do as Peter did, or suffer death at the hands of blood-thirsty bigotry.

It is well for us to meet together on Christmas day, and thank God for the better state of things which now exists; and make our thank offerings acceptable to Him by presenting them in tangible substantialities, to His poor human children.

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Spiritual Lectures.

The citizens of Buffalo may expect Professor S. B. Brittan, of the New York Spiritual Telegraph, to deliver a course of four lectures, on the Spiritual Phenomena and Philosophy. Professor B. has prepared himself with numerous specimens of art, executed by spirits, through the instrumentality of mortal media.—They consist of paintings of various kinds, among which are portraits of men of ancient times, of whom we read in scripture and in profane history; also drawings of celestial plants and flowers, of surpassing beauty. The lecturer will explain all the circumstances attending the execution of these productions of celestial art; they being so magnified that they will be plain to the view of every one, in the largest hall. We shall be enabled to give a more minute discription of this exhibition, and definite information as to the time when the lectures will be given, in our next issue.

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The Spirit of Persecution.

This spirit seems to be in the ascendant of all others, in the influence it exercise upon the clergy and the press of this city. These two powers have been employing their united forces to prevent the spirits of departed men and women from making their presence known to, and communicating with, their surviving friends on earth. They have been trying it in other localities about the country, for the last four or five years, with what success let the continually multiplying numbers of spiritualists tell. Very little has yet hitherto been said by the Press of Buffalo, because spiritualism up to this time, has had too much moral obliquity to contend with, to get much of a foot-hold here. Now it has taken root and is shooting forth its branches and beginning to flourish, and now the spirit of persecution "wakes around" and the pulpit and the press begin to pour forth their abusive vituperations against all those who investigate the spiritual phenomena, as well as all those through whom investigations are made.

The *Commercial Advertiser* of this city, whose publishers are growing fat with the patronage which they receive from spiritualists, as well as other classes, does not hesitate to assail them with the most abusive epithets. How long will men consent to be stigmatized as lunatics, fools and knaves, by men whom they are constantly feeding with their patronage? The scripture language which recommends that he who is smitten on the one cheek, should turn the other also, does very well as a figure of speech, to convey an idea of unresisting meekness; but even *that* does not go so far as to require a man to strengthen the arm of him who smites him.

If the *Commercial Advertiser* saw fit to take the course of an honorable opponent, and argue she question whether the phenomena claiming to be spiritual, is really so or not, no spiritualist would have any reason to complain. Nay, they would have cause to rejoice at having an opportunity to meet their opponents in a fair field of rational debate. But when a journal, professing to be respectable, stoops to the character of a calumniator, and even to the utterance of base falsehoods, as it did in its issue of Wednesday last, it certainly does not do itself any credit, and must come short of inflicting the intended injury upon the object of its malignant attack. It is our opinion that the proprietors of that paper will, ere long, learn what Saul of Tarsus learned, although they may not learn it, as he did, from the voice of the persecuted spirit. It will not avail them anything to make the blackguard who caters for a particular department of their paper, a scape-goat for their malignant assaults upon worthy and respected citizens. It is generally known that every thing in the way of insult to all who are engaged in the investigation of spiritualism, which appears in that paper, is by their tolerance, if not by their special direction; and we shall be ready to acknowledge ourself greatly mistaken if they do not feel the effects of their unmanly, ungenerous, and calumnious course, before they are much older.

◆

A Wrong Step.

The best of men are liable, at times, to be led into the commission of error, under feelings excited by the tongue and pen of insolence and slander. It is our opinion that Mr. Conklin, the medium, has been thus led, by the abusive article which appeared in Wednesday's *Commercial Advertiser.** Erroneously supposing, that the author of that article might be a *gentleman* in his nature and character, but one who had partaken largely of the spirit of intolerance which, at this time, is so prevalent in the religious world; he sent a notification to that paper that he would meet the author of the article at any respectable house in this city, at any time that he should name, each with three friends, *all of whom should be free from any artificial stimulants,* to give him an opportunity to prove his assertion that the communications, by table moving, witnessed in his room, were all the result of trick and artifice.

The note of Mr. C. appeared in Thursday's Commercial, minus the words which we have italicised; and it turns out, as we could have informed Mr. C., had he consulted us, that the author is a scurrilous scribbler for the local column of that paper, without moral responsibility, or any quality of mind or principle which could warrant a man of respectability in placing himself in contact with him. Mr. Conklin will perceive by the mutilation of his note, that nothing honorable or decent is intended; and we think that he would be justified in withdrawing the proposition, unless the proprietors of that paper will assume the championship in defence of its assertions.

◆

Commanders in the East.

The names of Lord Raglan, Canrobert, and Menschikoff, have become familiar to us by the accounts of the great Eastern War. We know little of them, however, except that the first commands the English, the second the French, and the third the Russian forces, on the Crimea. The following sketch of them is interesting, and furnishes some important information:

Lord Raglan, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in the East, the eighth son of the fifth Duke of Beaufort, was born in 1788. He entered the army at the age of sixteen, as a Cornet in the Fourth Dragoons, and he accompanied the Duke of Wellington to Denmark in 1807. He subsequently accompanied him to the Peninsula, and enjoyed a greater amount of the Commander's confidence than any other officer in the Army. He distinguished himself in the engagements at Fuentes d'Onor in 1811, and in the storming of Badajoz in 1812. It was to Lord Fitzroy Sumerset (now Raglan), that the Governor of the citadel surrendered. In the memorable battle of Vittoria, and throughout the brilliant campaign, Lord Fitzroy Sumerset distinguished himself by his activity and daring. In 1814, he married Emily Harriet, second daughter of the late, and sister of the present Earl of Mornington—consequently niece of the Great Duke. At Waterloo, he lost an arm, and that decisive victory terminated the first act of his military career. In 1847, he was made a Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and on the death of the Duke of Wellington, to whom he had been long military secretary, he was raised to the Peerage by the title of Lord Raglan, made Privy Counsellor, and appointed the Master General of the Ordinance.

Prince Menschikoff was born in 1783, and is the great-grandson of Peter the Great's favorite. In stature he is about the middle height; his gait haughty, though slightly affected by a limp, occasioned, it is said, by a wound which he received in 1828, when engaged against the Turks at Varna. His features are striking and well defined; his forehead high and broad; his eyes are bright and sparkling; his hair cut close. There is a curious anecdote related of the wound which he received at Varna. It is affirmed that one evening, having given some instructions which he was desirous of seeing implicity obeyed, he traversed the whole camp and as he was leasurely returning, stopped for a time, and remained with his legs stretched wide apart, while he took a pinch of snuff. At that moment the loud roar of artillery was heard, and the prince fell to the ground. Great was the consternation in the camp. On being picked up, it was found that a cannon ball had passed between the Prince's legs, and wounded him severely in the thigh. The *Annual Register* states that he was severely wounded, that he was compelled to relinquish the command of the army. Prince Menschikoff is one of the most extensive landed proprietors in the empire, and counts serfs by thousands; but his avarice is unbounded, though in St. Petersburgh, his establishment is on the most lavish footing. His hatred to foreigners is intense. Not one, even an ambassador, has been permitted to enter his palace.

Francis Canrobert, the successor of the Count St. Arnaud, and the commander-in-chief of the French forces, was born in the department of *Lot*. In 1845 he embarked for Africa, where he distinguished himself, and won the applause of his superior officers. He returned to France in 1839, with the decoration of the Legion of Honor, and in 1840 he was on duty in the camp of St. Omer. In 1841 he returned to Africa, and again signalized himself. In 1847, while the cholera was raging in the garrison of Aumale, Col. Canrobert distinguished himself by his courage and his labors. He returned to Paris in 1850, and took the command of a brigade of infantry, and was also attached to the Prince President of the Republic as aid-de-camp. On the 13th of January, 1853, he was appointed a General of Division, and more recently he was placed at the head of the first division of the army of the east. At the battle of Alma he received a wound, and before his departure he was known to be occupied in profound studies, having for their object a knowledge of the theatre of war, as if he had a presentment of his future destiny. This is the officer to whom has been confided the duty of sustaining the high honor of France, in what is likely to prove the terrible seige of Sebastopol.

A New Use for the Barometer.—The Rochester Daily Union translates an account of a new discovery, by a French physician, which beats the magnetic tables, the spirits and even the celebrated sympathetic snails, which, after being rubbed together, would, though separated by a thousand miles, respond bodily, each, to a touch given to the other. This last discovery is a new power in the barometer, and its author is M. Le Maout.

The letter which the Union translates is dated St. Brieuc, 27th October, 1854; and the author sends to the Minister of War a comparison of the effects of the cannonade of Odessa, and of the battle of Alma, and of the affair of the 6th October, as manifested by the barometer. He insists that at a distance of 600 to 800 leagues, the barometer indicates in a few hours the effects of an explosion, as of cannon. On the 25th of this month (two days before the date of this letter) he announces that a cannonade has taken place at Sevastopol, the greatest known in the war, and which, he says, was indicated by a rise in the barometer of 30 milometers, in 48 hours.

"In a few days," he tells the Minister of War, "you will receive news from Sevastopol of the 25th, which will instruct you as to what passed that day, a day, I doubt not, one of the most memorable of all the campaign."

The question is: Was this letter written on the 27th? and upon this, neither the French paper nor the American translator throws any light.

On the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, a negro and his master, living on the Berkshire hills, swore to hearing the cannonade at Bunker Hill!

Since then, so acute have become the senses of the descendants of that State, if a shipping merchant in Boston sneezes, they can hear it all through Massachusetts, and they keep their heads bowed to the ground to catch the first accent.

If this is true, Fame should occasionally put her trump to her ear to learn when to put it to her lips. And if the barometer story is correct, what fearful significance is not given to the words Fair, Stormy, Cloudy, Heavy, Calm, and what ends Wars and Speculations and weather records alike, "No change."

The Coutts Mystery.—Ever since the first ticket of the first of the Grisi and Mario operas was bid off to that half mythical personage whom the auctioneer called Coutts, there has been an increasing curiosity to know who the lady was, and the appearance of the lady herself, night after night, in splendid costumes, whenever Mario appeared, and her costly style of living at the St. Nicholas, have only increased the excitement. It was at first generally imagined that she had been hired by Hackett to excite a furore about Mario, and the London papers all took that view of the mystery.

But those who saw the lady herself, and had an opportunity of watching her movements, all knew that the manager could not afford to pay for such a costly and doubtful style of advertising. Her boquets alone would be almost sufficient to break the management. And then, too, every one must have seen that the admiring gaze which she bends on the handsome tenor while on the stage, is no similated passion.—There she sits, "solitary and alone," in her spacious box, dressed in the costliest laces and brocades, perfectly indifferent to everything but Mairo. She sits like a sphyux, a great riddle, which nobody has yet been able to solve. But we have had the pleasure of meeting a gentleman recently from London, who knew Coutts, and all her antecedents, from whom we learn the following particulars:

The real name of Coutts is Giles, not Gyles, as has been often said; she is unmarried, and not very young; she is a native of Gloucestershire, and has lived some years in London, keeping house in a quiet way at West End, going but little in society, though a constant attendant at the opera and the theatres. Her income is but about $10,000 a year—too small a sum to make any show with in London. At one time she conceived a passion for Charles Kean, whom she haunted in the same way she now haunts Mario, until she happened to meet the latter gentleman, when she transferred her affections, and he has been the object of her idolatry ever since.

Is is said that while Mario was indisposed at the Metropolitan Hotel, she used to call there every morning in her carriage, and when the waiter brought her word that Mario was better, she rewarded the lucky Mercury with a double eagle.

The *Music World* says that a lady who came over in the same steamer with Grisi and Mario, relates that Mario's affectionate shadow—the hypothetical Miss "Coutss"—irresistibly followed him, of course, on the embarkation, but alighted upon the deck of the steamer arrayed in a lilac-colored silk, with flounces embellished with feather trimmings, over all of which was work-lace. Upon her head was a fragile breath of a bonnet, trimmed with orange blossoms.—The lady advanced to the saloon, placed her hat in the hands of her maid, and reclined gracefully upon a lounge, whereupon the maid covered her with lace. A lady passenger entered into conversation with her, and asked if she did consider Mario handsome, when she burst into a fit of laughter so contagious that all in the saloon were forced to laugh with her.

Grisi afterward playfully said, she wished a committee of gentlemen would incontinently drop her into the sea; adding, more earnestly, that she really had, for her, the evil eye. She followed them wherever they went; went with them to St. Petersburgh. Twice, in such instances, had they met with a failure. If they failed in the United States, it might be inscribed to the same evil eye.—*Sunday Courier.*

The manufacture of shawls is now carried on in this country to an immense extent. The Bay State Mills in Lawrence, Massachusetts—one of the largest establishments in the world—manufacture annually four hundred thousand shawls, at a valuation of more than a million and a half of dollars. They are of all textures and colors. Those of sombre hue are designed for the shoulders of the male sex, with whom a shawl has now become an article of necessity; while those of a brighter aspect are used for females, a class that always prefer the gayer colorings in dress. The prices of the shawls manufactured at the Bay State Mills ranges from three to thirty dollars. These Mills consume forty thousand pounds of wool in a day, or upward of twelve million in a year. Full three million of sheep are required to supply this quantity.—There are two thousand operatives employed in these Mills, which is the largest manufactory of shawls in the world. We gather these facts from the Boston *Traveler.*

The New York *Sun* says "an unusual number of country girls and young men are coming into the city in search of employment. Applications of a very respectable number are made each night at the different Station Houses for lodgings, a large proportion of which are by individuals from the country. Of course, but few of them get work. Many of the young men, however, manage to find situations in the army. The recruiting officers are doing a better business now than they have done for years. Hundreds are daily enlisting."

With the exception of the eye, the lungs are the most delicately constructed organs in the body, and life is in peril when they do not properly perform their functions. The least inflammation interferes with their regular action, and then the blood is imperfectly purified, the circulation becomes irregular, the nervous system is disturbed, and the general health suffers. And it is in the *early stages* of the difficulty that the great mischief is done; for while the patient is thinking about his case, and considering whether or not he is really sick enough to need medicine, tubercles may be forming, or worse still, sometimes, may be *bursting* in the lungs.

Trial of Street Sweeping Machines.—On Saturday afternoon the two street sweeping machines, one brought from England and the other made in this country, were tried on Walnut street, between Fifth and Sixth, in presence of the members of councils and a large number of the people. The machines belong to Messrs. Smith, Seckels & Co., and it was under their direction the trial took place. The one from England was called "John Bull," and the other "Young America." The latter appeared to work faster than the former, while both performed the work tolerably well. The street was exceedingly muddy, and the machines were severely tested. They have the merit of sweeping and carrying away the dirt at the same time, and in ordinary times this can be done without raising the dust.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Col. Benton's Lecture.

From a report of this distinguished gentleman's lecture in New York, on Tuesday evening last, we extract the following closing remarks. The telegraph states that the Hall of the Academy of Music, where it was delivered, was crowded to its utmost capacity and hundreds were unable to gain admittance. Not less than seven thousand persons listened to the old veteran, among whom were Gen. Scott, John Van Buren and other distinguished citizens:

Gentlemen of the Association, and of this great Commercial Metropolis: Here is an enterprise worthy of your energies—worty of your wealth and fame—worthy of the helping hand of merchants who know how to combine the character of merchants and statesmen, and how to aggrandize their country while enriching themselves. That Oriental Commerce which nations have sought for, and fought for, for thousands of years—which was carried on, over lines so extended, by conveyances so slow and limited, amidst populations which considered the merchant their lawful property, and down rivers and across seas, and through long and frightful deserts—and which, under all these disadvantages and perils, made Asiatic, and even some African cities, the seats of wealth and power, and of the arts and sciences, while Western Europe was yet barbarian—and mere branches of which afterwards lit up Venice and Genoa, and made these cities a match for empires, and the wives and daughters of their citizens (in their luxurious attire,) the admiration and envy of queens and princesses. All this commerce, and in a deeper and broader stream than the "merchant princes" ever saw, is within your reach! attainable by a road all the way on your own soil, and under your own laws—to be flown over by a vehicle as much superior to the steamboat as the boat is to the ship, and the ship to the camel. Thanks to the progress of the mechanical arts, which are going on continually to convert into facilities what stood as obstacles to national communications.

To the savage the sea was an obstacle; mechanical genius, in the invention of a ship, made it a facility. The firm land was what the barbarian wanted; the land became an obstacle to the enlightened man. Now the land becomes the facility again—the preferred course of transport and travel—and with a celerity of motion which rivals the flight of the carrier pigeon, and a punctuality of arrival which may serve for the adjustment of clocks and watches. To say nothing of its accompaniment—the magnetic telegraph—which flashes intelligence across a continent, and delivers messages between kingdoms in the twinkling of an eye, and compared to which the flying car degenerates into a lazy, lagging, creeping, John-trot traveler. All this commerce, in a stream so much larger, with a domestic road for its track, and with conveyances so rapid, lies at your acceptance. What Jew and Gentile fought for before there were Christians, and which Christians fought for as soon as they existed—fought each other, and combined with the Saracen to destroy each other—all this is now at your acceptance, and by the beneficent process of only making a road, which will itself be a private fortune and a public benefaction. Give the lead of your names, and there will be enough to follow. Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, have only to sign first—and all the cities, inland and maritime—all the Railroad, Express, and Telegraph Companies—will see their interest in opening the road, which would be a prolongation of their own, and the increase and enhancement of their own business and property. The enterprise would be a trifle to the resources of our business population—only some thirteen hundred miles of road over the most favorable ground, and under the most auspicious sky, that ever road was built; and indispensable, as well as advantageous to us.

What sustains and stimulates every branch of industry in our America at this time? California gold! That gold, the weekly arrival of which is the life's blood of our business! and one month's failure of which would be the paralysis of our commercial, industrial and financial world. How do we now receive that gold? Over foreign seas, and across foreign soil, and upon a circuit of six thousand miles—liable to be cut off by the fleets, cruisers, and privateers of any power with which we might come to war. I do not produce political considerations; they address themselves to the political power. I I speak to business men—merchants and all the industrial classes—and appeal to their enlightened sense of interest and patriotism in favor of this road. Pliny, the elder, said that a republican form of government was most favorable to commerce, because most favorable to freedom of enterprise; and he gave instances of the truth of that axiom in his Ancient Republics. The moderns have seen its truth in later times, and in nearer places—in Italy, in Holland, and in our own America. We are a Republic, and a great one—with the elements of more than Roman greatness, and should not allow the just and ennobling axiom of Pliny to be disparaging in our persons. Let us make the road. We can if we will, and it is time to begin. I came here for that purpose. I speak to produce action, and not for the sake of barren display. I have brought you the facts to show that there is a good way for a good road, straight and short, and connecting with all your own roads; and a good country to sustain people to support and protect it.

Now let us make it. My plan is, to get some dozens of names in these great cities, known to the people, and possessed of their confidence—men of means and character—to allow their names to be put into a bill which Congress can pass without constitutional scruple, giving the right of way in one mile wide through its Kansas and Utah Territories, to this company, and others who shall join them—they reserving one year to accept the grant; in which time a double examination by practical road-makers, going out in summer, and coming back in winter, can solve in a business way every question which prudent business men ought to have solved—practicality, expense, settlement, and the population and cultivation which the support and protection of the road would require. This is the out-line of the plan, requiring but few details to fill it up; and of all which a principle should be, no aid from the United States except as a customer, when she pleased, paying like other customers.

For this purpose I come here, and go elsewhere, at much inconvenience to myself and great cost of personal feeling—oppressed as I am with occupation, and saddened with the affliction of recent and heavy misfortune. But for this cause I could become (if circumstances permitted), a Peter the Hermit—traversing the country and preaching a crusade, not of arms against the Infidels, but of beneficence to the human race.

Entanglement of the United States with European Affairs.—The New York *Post* says that there is every likelihood that the United States will be entangled in a dispute with England and France. By a late arrival from San Francisco, intelligence was received by the government at Washington of the arrival at that port of the French and English squadrons, having in charge the Russian merchantman *Sitka*, a prize captured in the naval action at Petropaulowski. What they intend to do there, is not as yet fully known. But their presence alone gives rise to the consideration by the government of the important question of granting or withholding the right of asylum in our ports to belligerents, for the purpose of enabling them to dispose of their prizes of war.

The fact also that England and France make San Francisco a port of refuge and refitment, causes the question to arise, whether our treaty of amity with Russia does not prevent us from allowing them our ports for asylums. The question is, in several respects, a difficult, and, so far as this government is concerned, a novel one, affording a good test of the subtlety and legal learning of Attorney General Cushing, who, in the event of its being preferred, will be required to suggest to the President the appropriate line of conduct.

A Trace of the "City of Glasgow."—A recent number of the Belfast (Ireland) *Northern Whig*, contains the following, which is probably one of the few traces that will ever be found of the lost steamship "City of Glasgow:"

Wreck of the "City of Glasgow."—A correspondent of the *Mail*, at Campbelton, states that, on Saturday last, while a herd-boy was walking along the shore at Ballochgair, he picked up a portion of the bow of a vessel, which bears every mark of having belonged to the ill-fated steamer. It has on it, in large gilded characters, not much defaced, "City of Glasgow," and, in the corner, "Let Glasgow flourish." This memento, which is probably all that will ever be seen of the noble vessel, was taken to the office of Mr. Watson, from whence it was forwarded to the builders, Messrs. Todd & M'Gregor, Glasgow, for identification.

Canal Tolls.—The following are statements of the receipts of tolls on the state canals for the 4th week in November, also from the opening of navigation up to and including the same period for the years specified:

	4th week in Nov.	Total to Dec. 1st.
1847	$24,655	$3,634,850
1848	29,821	3,245,662
1849	62 487	3,258,899
1850	61,022	3,256,083
1851	36,274	2,827,760
1852	31,098	3,101,724
1853	55 854	3,188,768
1854	58,290	2,764,722

Showing a decrease since last year amounting to $424,046.

In December last year the sum of $15,000 was received. This year it is estimated that $10,000 was received. This would make the decrease this year amount to $431,046—nearly half a million dollars.—*Albany Atlas.*

Gov. Clark's Military Staff.—The Rochester *Democrat* understands that Gov. Clark has designated the following gentlemen as members of his Military Staff:

Inspector General—Benj. F. Bruce, of Madison county.

Engineer in Chief—Joseph J. Chambers, of Albany.

Judge Advocate General.—O. Vanderburg, of Syracuse.

Quarter-master General—Jas. L. Mitchell, of Albany.

Pay-master General—E. E. Kendrick, of Albany.

Surgeon General—A. H. Hoff, of Albany.

Aids—E. H. Schermerhorn, of New York; Jno. B. Gale, of Troy; John Sill, of Albany.

Military Secretary—Samuel C. Thompson, of New York.

☞ The following are the latest counterfeits recorded, and as the bills of some of the banks mentioned, are in circulation here, it may be well to save it.

5s, on the Mechanics' Bank of Williamsburgh, N. Y., altered from genuine 1s—Vignette sailor steering a ship—female on the left end.

5s, on the Farmers' Bank, Vt.—Vignette a man lying on the ground, sheaf of grain, &c.—medallion head on lower left corner—female on lower right corner—Orwell is spelled "Orwels."

10s on the Ballston Spa Bank, N. Y., altered from 1s—Vignette female and child, with a marine view—house, &c., between the signatures.

5s, on the N. Y. and Virginia State Stock Bank, Ind., altered from 1s—Likeness of Mr. Latham on the lower right corner, and likeness of his wife on the lower left corner.

5s, on the China Bank, Maine, altered from 1s—Vignette Laplander and sledge on the bottom of the bill—a hunter on the left end.

5s, on the New England Pacific Bank, R. I., altered from 1s—Vignette a harvest scene—a female on the right end.

Buffalo Weekly Price Current.

Flour, extra,	per bbl.	$9.75@10.50
" com. to good, West'n,	"	9.00@9.50
" per sack,		4.62@5.00
Buckwheat flour, per cwt		4.50
Indian meal,	"	1.75
Pork, mess,	"	12.50@13.50
" prime,	"	11.00
Fish, white,	"	8.25
" "	hlf "	4.25
Salt, fine,	"	2.00
" coarse,	"	2.25
" trout,	"	8.00
" "	hlf "	4.25
Eggs,	per doz.	20
Butter,	per lb.	20
Honey,	"	12½@15
Cheese,	"	8@10c.
Blackberries, dried,	"	10
Plums "	"	12½
Cherries, "	"	12½@15
Currants, "	"	6¼
Corn,	per bush.	65
Flax seed,	"	1.00@1.25
Clover "	"	8.00
Timothy,	"	2.75@3.00
Oats,	"	40@42
Apples, dried,	"	1.13
" green,	"	37½@50
Potatoes,	"	87@1.00
Onions,	"	75@87
Dressed Chickens per lb		7c
" Turkeys " "		8c

TWO GOOD BOOKS.

THE POWERS & DUTIES OF WOMAN—Two Lectures by Horace Mann. Price 37½ cents;

DEDICATION OF ANTIOCH COLLEGE, and Inaugural Address of its President, by Horace Mann. Price 25 cents.

For Sale at the Literary Depot, Post Office.

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BOTANIC MEDICINE DISPENSARY.

D. B. WIGGINS, M. D., would respectfully notify the citizens of Buffalo and the public at large, that he has opened a wholesale and retail

BOTANIC MEDICINE DEPOT,

On the corner of Niagara and West Eagle sts., in the city of Buffalo, where he will constantly keep a full and choice assortment of BOTANIC MEDICINES, comprising all the varieties of Roots, Herbs, Powders, Decoctions and Compounds, which are used by Families and Practising Physicians. He will take especial care to have all his Medicines not only genuine, but of the first quality, and all of preparations from the latest growths. He will take care never to be out of the Old Compounds, such as

Composition No. 6, or Hot Drops,

Spiced Bitters, Mother's Relief, Stomach and Cathartic Pills, Liver Drops, Neutralizing Mixture, Honey Cough Balsam, a superior remedy for Coughs and Colds, Rheumatic Liniment, and

CHOLERA SYRUP,

which was extensively used in '49 and '52, with unfailing success, when taken in the incipient stage of the disease.

The advantage and safety of procuring Medicines at such an establishment, and from a regular Botanic Physician, whose professional knowledge and practical experience preclude all contingency of vending poisons, must be obvious to every one. He hopes by using every endeavor to serve the public satisfactorily, to merit patronage, and earn the good will of all who favor him with their custom.

N. B. All orders from abroad promptly attended to. 1tf

LOT FOR SALE.

The lot on the N. E. corner of Fourteenth and Vermont sts., is offered for sale at $7.50 per foot. Dimensions 50 by 148½ feet. For terms enquire at this office. 9tf

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FOREIGN & DOMESTIC PAPER DEALERS.

199 Main Street, Buffalo.

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CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

JERIMAH CARTER, of Laona, Chautauque County, well known to many of our citizens as an excellent Clairvoyant Physician, has made arrangements to spend a portion of each week in the city of Buffalo, during the coming winter, and has taken rooms at 53 Tupper st., between Deleware and Franklin, where he will be found on Thursday the 23d inst., ready to attend to all calls of the afflicted. 8tf

COMPTON, GIBSON & CO.,

209 MAIN STREET, having made extensive arrangements to execute every description of

Lithographing and Engraving,

by extending their rooms, employing the best artists and printers, and extensive machinery, take this method of informing their friends and the public, that they are prepared to do all work such as maps, steamboat and hotel cards, portraits, show cards, &c., &c., in any style, as good and cheap as done in eastern cities.

Particular attention paid to Bank and Rail road work, Diplomas, Notes, Drafts, Bill Heads, &c., &c.

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N. B.—Further particulars may be obtained of the undersigned at the office of the Bank, or of any of the Trustees.

CYRUS P. LEE, Sec'y and Treas.
Buffalo, N. Y., August 23, 1854. 1-1m

☞ When we commenced the republication of Kirwan's Letters in this paper, we intended only to publish a single one; and that was pointed out to us by a friend. We proceeded on, from that, and published them from that commencement to the end. Many of our readers who did not read them as they originally appeared, and who have never seen the volume in which they are published collectively, have signified their wish that we should publish the foregoing ones, from the commencement. There are only four of those which we did not publish; and we now proceed to give them, commencing at No. 1, so that those who keep a file of *The Age of Progress* may have the whole series.

Kirwan's Letters to Bishop Hughes.

NUMBER XII.

My Dear Sir,—Although an entire stranger to you, I have felt for many years greatly interested in your history and doings; and for the following reasons:

You are the chief pastor of a very important portion of the Roman Catholic Church in this country; and your ecclesiastical position makes you emphatically a public man. If a bishop in Mexico or Missouri, like many mitred priests, you might live unknown to fame; but as the papal bishop of the Commercial Metropolis of the Western World, and of the most populous and wealthy diocese of your church in the United States, this could not be expected. Position, you know, has much to do with our public character.

But in addition to your position, which is one of high influence, you possess the requisite qualifications to fill it. This is confessed by your most ardent opponents. By your genius, learning, and eloquence—by your sleepless devotion to the duties of your calling, you have obtained a position in the very first rank of the ecclesiastics of your church.

Besides, at whatever odds, you have fought like a man with all your opponents. In controversies religious and political, you have not shunned the hall of debate, nor discussion thro' the press. You have taken your positions adroitly, and you have defended them with remarkable skill. And even when convinced of the utter fallacy of your positions and defences, I have yet sympathized with your manly firmness. It is in human nature to respect the man that with an earnest soul contends for what he esteems right. And I must confess that as to some things, when the public voice was against you, your course met with my approbation.

Besides, if public rumor is worthy of belief, you have forced yourself into your present position by the force of your talents and character, from a social position comparatively humble. To me this is not the least of the reasons why I have felt interested in your career. The *men* of our race have been what is commonly called, self-made men. The heroes in history have been nearly all such. It requires high attributes both of mind and soul to rise above the disadvantages of family and fortune; and to take precedence of those who would fain believe that birth and wealth give a patent-right to the high places of influence. Your past history, unless I misunderstand it, must have had a liberalizing influence upon you.—You must look at things on a larger and wider scale, and through a clearer medium, than if you had been cradled in crimson, and educated in a convent. You know the distinction between prejudice and principle—between what is entitled to belief, and what we have been educated to believe—between what is truly reasonable, and what is only ecclesiastically so. And I therefore address myself to you with a confidence far stronger, that what I shall say kindly and truly, will be more kindly and truly weighed, than if I addressed myself to a priest from Maynooth or St. Omers, educated merely in the literature of legends and liturgies, and whose mind only possessed what was distilled into it from others. I shall address you not merely as a priest or bishop, but as a high-minded and well-educated gentleman.

Permit me to say that there is yet another reason why I have felt interested in your career. You was born in Ireland, that land of noble spirits and of warm hearts—that sweetest isle of the ocean. And so was I. We are natives of the same soil. And although in principle, by education, and in all my feelings, thoroughly American, yet I take a great pride in the high achievements of native Irishmen. America has had its Montgomerys, its Clintons, its Emmetts, its Porters, from Ireland. Its sons have adorned the bar, the bench, the pulpit, the army, the navy, the legislatures, the Congress of these United States. That there are multitudes from Ireland who are no loss to their own country, nor any advantage to this, cannot be denied. The reasons for this I may examine hereafter. But yet we have many fine illustrations of Irish genius, character and valour, all along our history. And I have regarded yourself as one of them, so far forth as genius and force of character are concerned. And I have often pointed you out as an illustration of the high respectability which Irish character is capable of attaining when relieved from the burdens that oppress and debase it. Hence I have regarded as your eulogy the sneers of those who have addressed you as "John Hughes the Gardener." Such taunts came not from true men.

Having said so much in reference to you, permit me now to say a word in reference to myself. I have just stated that I was born in Ireland. I may say to you in addition, that I was born of Roman Catholic parants, and received my early education in the full faith of that church, at whose altars you now serve with distinguished ability. I was baptized by a priest—I was confirmed by a bishop—I often went to confession—I have worn my amulets, and I have said my Pater Nosters and my Hail Marys, more times than I can now enumerate. When a youth none excelled me in my attention to Mass, nor in the performance of the penances enjoined by the Father confessor. And whatever were my occasional mental misgivings, I remained a true son of the church until I had nearly reached the year of manhood. Then, on as full an examination of the subject as I could give it, I came to the conclusion that I could not remain a Roman Catholic. I first became an infidel. Knowing nothing of religion but that which was taught me by parents and priests, and thinking that that was the sum of it, when that was rejected, infidelity became my only alternative. Subsequently, by the reading of the Bible, and by the grace of God, I was led to embrace the religion of the Gospel. That religion I have now for many years professed, and in connection with a Protestant church. Unlike many who have left your communion, I have never bitterly assailed it. I am utterly unknown in the list of the champions of Protestantism versus Popery. But yet some recent occurrences have induced me to break a long silence, and to state in a series of letters addressed to your Right Reverence, the reasons which induced me to leave the Roman Catholic Church, and which prevent me from returning to it. Of these letters, this is the first. I ask of you for them a kind and candid perusal.

With great respect, yours,

Kirwan.

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The Final Destruction of the Spanish Inquisition.

The following is a true picture of that prison-house of hell—the dungeons of the Inquisition at Madrid—which were broken into and destroyed in 1809, by Col. Lehmanvusky, who was attached to Napoleon's army. Before they were destroyed, every apartment where scenes of torture took place, were explored, where were found instruments of every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils could invent:—

It had been decreed by the Emperor, Napoleon, that the Inquisitions and Monasteries should be suppressed; but the decree, like some of our laws, was not yet executed. Months had passed away, but the prisons of the Inquisitions were still unopened.

One night about twelve o'clock, as Col. L. was walking the streets of Madrid, two armed men sprang upon him from an alley, and made a furious attack. He instantly drew his sword, put himself in a position of defence, and while struggling with them, saw at a distance the lights of the patrols, French soldiers mounted, who carried lanterns, and rode the streets of the city at all hours of the night, to preserve order. He called to them in French, and they hastened to assist him; the assailants took to their heels and escaped—not, however, before he saw by their dress they belonged to the guards of the Inquisition.

The colonel went immediately to Marshal Soult, the Governor of Madrid, told him what had taken place, and reminded him of the decree to suppress this institution.

Marshal Soult replied that he might go and destroy it.

Col. L. told him that his regiment—the ninth of the Polish Lancers—were not sufficient for such a service, but if he would give him an additional regiment—the one hundred and seventeenth—he would undertake the work.

The one hundred and seventeenth regiment was then under the command of Col. De Lile, who is now, like Col. L. a minister of the gospel, and pastor of an evangelical church in Marseilles, France.

The troops required were granted, and I proceeded, said Col. L. to the Inquisition, which was situated about five miles from the city. It was surrounded by a wall of great strength, and defended by a company of soldiers.

When we arrived at the walls, I addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned the holy fathers to surrender to the imperial army, and open the gates of the Inquisition.

The sentinels appeared to enter into conversation for a moment with some one within, at the close of which, he presented his musket and shot one of my men.

This was the signal for the attack, and I ordered my troops to fire upon those who appeared upon the walls.

It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The walls of the Inquisition were covered with the soldiers of the holy office; there was also a breastwork upon the walls, behind which they but partially exposed themselves as they discharged their muskets.

Our troops were on the open plain, and exposed to a distructive fire. We had no cannon, nor could we scale the walls, and the gates successfully resisted all attempts at forcing them.

I could not retire and send for cannon to break through the walls, without giving them time to lay a train to blow us up. I saw that it was necessary to change the mode of attack, and directed that some trees be cut down and trimmed, to be used as battering rams.

Two of these were taken by detachments of men, as numerous as could work to advantage, and brought to bear upon the walls with all the power which they could exert, while the troops kept up a fire to protect them from the fire poured upon them from the walls.

Presently the walls began to tremble, a breach was made, and the imperial troops rushed in to the Inquisition.

Here we met with an incident which nothing but Jesuitical effrontery is equal to. The Inquisitor-General, followed by the other confessors in their priestly robes, all came out of the rooms, as we were making our way into the Inquisition; and with long faces and their arms crossed over their breasts, their fingers resting on their shoulders, as though they had been deaf to all the noise of the attack and the defence, and had just learned what was going on; they addressed themselves in the language of rebuke to their own soldiers, saying, "Why do you fight our friends, the French?"

Their intention, no doubt, was to make us think that this defence was wholly unauthorized by them, hoping, if they could make us believe that they were friendly, they should have a better opportunity, in the confusion of the moment, to escape,

Their artifice was too shallow, and did not succeed. I caused them to be placed under guard, and all the soldiers of the Inquisition to be secured as prisoners.

We then proceeded to examine all the rooms of the stately edifice. We passed through room after room, found all in perfect order, richly furnished, with altars and crucifixes, and wax candles in abundance, but could discover no evidence of iniquity being practised there—nothing of those peculiar features which we expected to find in an Inquisition. We found splendid paintings, and an extensive library.—Here was beauty and splendor, and the most perfect order on which my eyes had ever rested. The architecture—the proportions were perfect. The ceiling and floors were wood, scoured and highly polished. The marble pavement was arranged with a strict regard to order. There was everything to please the eye and gratify a cultivated taste. Where were those horrid instruments of torture of which we had been told?—and where were those dungeons in which human beings are said to be buried alive? We searched in vain. The holy fathers assured us that they had been belied, that we had seen all; and I was prepared to give up the search, convinced that this Inquisition was different from others of which I had heard.

But Col. De Lile was not so ready as myself to relinquish the investigation, and said to me:

"Colonel, you are commander to-day, and as you say, so it must be; but if you will be advised by me, let this marble floor be examined. Let water be brought and poured upon it; we will watch to see if there are any places through which it passes more freely than at others."

I replied to him, "Do as you please," and ordered water to be brought immediately.

The slabs of marble were large and beautifully polished. When the water had been poured over the floor, much to the dissatisfaction of the holy fathers, a careful examination was made of every seam in the floor. Presently Colonel De Lile exclaimed that he had found it.

By the side of one of these marble slabs the water passed through fast, as though there was as opening beneath. All hands were now at work for further discovery—the officers with their swords, and the soldiers with their bayonets, seeking to clear out the seam and pry up the slab; others with the butts of their muskets striking the slab with all their might to break it, while the priests remonstrated against our desecrating their holy and beautiful house.

While thus engaged, a soldier, who was striking with the butt of his musket, struck a spring, and the marble slab flew up. Then the faces of the Inquisitors grew pale as Belshazzar's when the hand-writing appeared on the wall—they trembled all over. Beneath the marble slab, now partly up, was a stair-case.

I stepped up to the altar and took from the candle-stick one of the candles, four feet in length, which was burning, that I might explore the room below. As I was doing this, I was arrested by one of the Inquisitors, who laid his hand gently on my arm, and with a very demure and sanctimonious look, exclaimed:—

"My son, you must not take those lights with your bloody hand—they are holy."

"Well," said I, "I will take a holy thing to shed light on iniquity; I will bear the responsibility."

I took the candle and reached the foot of the stairs. We entered a large, square room, which was called the Hall of Judgment. In the centre of it was a huge block, and a chain fastened to it. On this they had been accustomed to place the accused, chained to his seat.

On one side of the room was an elevated seat, called the Throne of Judgment. This the General-Inquisitor occupied, and on both sides were seats less elevated, for the priestly fathers while engaged in the solemn business of the Holy Inquisition.

From this room we proceeded to the right, and obtained access to small cells extending the entire length of the edifice. And here such sights were presented as we hope never to see again.

These cells were places of solitary confinement, where the wretched objects of inquisitorial hatred were confined year after year, till death relieved them from their sufferings, and their bodies were suffered to remain until they were entirely decayed, and the rooms had become fit for others to occupy. To prevent this from being offensive to those who occupied the Inquisition, there were flues or tubes extending to the open air, sufficiently capacious to carry off the odor.

In these cells we found the remains of those who had paid the debt of nature. Some of them had been dead apparently but a short time, while of others nothing remained but bones, still chained to the floor of their dungeon!

In other cells we found living sufferers of both sexes, from three-score and ten down to fourteen years of age, all naked as when born into the world!—and all in chains! Here were old men and aged women, who had been shut up for many years! Here, too, were the middle-aged, and the young man, and the maiden of fourteen. The soldiers immediately went to work to release these captives from their chains, and took from their knapsacks their over-coats and other clothing, which they gave them to cover their nakedness. They were exceedingly anxious to bring them out to the light of day; but being aware of the danger, I had food given them, and then brought gradually to the light, as they were able to bear it.

We then proceeded to explore a room on the left. Here we found the instruments of torture, of every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils could invent. The first was a machine by which the victim was secured, and then beginning with the fingers, every joint in the hands, arms and body were broken or drawn, one after another, until the sufferer died.

The second was a box, in which the head and neck of the accused was so very strongly screwed, that he could not move in any way. Over the box was a vessel from which one drop of water fell every second upon the head of the victim, every successive drop falling upon precisely the same spot, which suspended the circulation in a few moments, and put the sufferer to most excruciating agony! The third was an infernal machine laid horizontally, to which the victim was bound. This instrument was then placed between beams, in which were scores of knives, so fixed, that by turning the machine with a crank, the flesh of the sufferer was torn from his limbs in small pieces!

The fourth surpassed the others in fiendish ingenuity. Its exterior was a beautiful woman, or large doll richly dressed, with arms extended ready to embrace its victim. Around her feet a semi-circle was drawn. The victim who passed over the fatal mark, touched a spring, which caused a diabolical engine to open, its arms clasped him, and a thousand knives cut him into as many pieces, in their deadly embrace!

Colonel Lehmanvusky said that the sight of these engines of infernal cruelty kindled the rage of the soldiers to fury. They declared that every Inquisitor and soldier of the Inquisition should be put to the torture. Their rage was ungovernable.

The colonel did not oppose them; they might have turned their arms against him, if he had attempted to arrest their work. They began with the holy fathers. The first they put to death in the machine for breaking joints. The torture of the Inquisitor, put to death by the dropping of water upon his head, was most excruciating. The poor man cried out in agony to be taken from the fatal machine.

The Inquisitor-General was brought before the infernal machine called the Virgin. He begged to be excused.

"No," said they; "you have caused others to kiss it, and you must do it."

They interlocked their bayonets so as to form large forks, and with those pushed him over the deadly circle. The beautiful image instantly prepared for the embrace, clasped him in her arms, and he was cut into innumerable pieces.

The colonel said he witnessed the torture of four of them—his heart sickened at the awful scene—and he left the soldiers to wreak their vengeance on the prison of hell.

In the meantime, it was reported throughout Madrid, that the prisons of the Inquisition were broken open, and multitudes hastened to the spot.

And oh! what a meeting was there! About a hundred of those who were buried for many years, were restored to life. There were fathers who found long-lost daughters; wives were restored to their husbands; sisters to their brothers, and parents to their children; and there were some who could not recognize a friend among the multitude. The scene was such as no tongue can ever describe.

When the multitude had retired, the colonel caused the library, paintings, furniture, &c., to be removed, and having sent to the city for a wagon-load of powder, deposited a large quantity in the vaults beneath the building, and placed a slow match in connection with it. All withdrew to a distance, and in a few moments the assembled multitude beheld a most joyful sight. The walls and turrets of the massive structure rose majestically towards the heavens, impelled by the tremendous explosion, and then fell back to the earth a heap of ruins!

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Particular People.

Reader! did'st ever live with a *particular* lady? One possessed, not simply with the spirit, but the demon of tidiness? Who will give you a good two hours' lecture upon the sin of an untied shoe-string, and raise a hurricane about your ears on the enormity of a fractured glove! Who will be struck speechless, at the sight of a pin in the place of a string; or set a whole house in an uproar, on finding a book on the table instead of in the book-case! Those who have had the misfortune to meet with such a person, will know how to sympathise with me. Gentle reader! I have passed two whole months with a particular lady! I had often received very pressing invitations to visit an old schoolfellow, who is settled in a snug parsonage, about fifty miles from town; but something or other was continually occurring to prevent me from availing myself of them. "Man never is, but always to be 'cursed.'" Accordingly, on the 17th of June, 1826, (I shall never forget it, if I live to the age of old Parr) having a few spare weeks at my disposal, I set out for my chum's residence. He received me with his wonted cordiality;—but I fancied he looked a little more care-worn than a man of thirty might have been expected to look, married as he is, to the woman of his choice, and in the possession of a liberal fortune. Poor fellow! I did not know that his wife was a precisian—I do not employ the term in a religious sense. The first hint I received of the fact, was from Mr. S. who, removing my hat from the *first* peg in the hall to the fourth, observed, "My wife is a little *particular* in these matters; the first peg is for my hat, the second is for William's, the third for Tom's and you can reserve the fourth, if you please, for your own; ladies, you know, do not like to have their arrangements interfered with." I promised to do my best to recollect the order of precedence with respect to the hats, and walked up stairs impressed with an awful veneration for a lady who had contrived to impose so rigid a discipline on a man, formerly the most disorderly of mortals, mentally resolving to obtain her favor by the most studious observance of her wishes. I might as well have determined to be Emperor of China! Before the week was at an end, I was a lost man. I always reckon myself tolerably tidy; never leaving more than half my clothes on the floor of my dressing-room, nor more than a dozen books about any apartment I may happen to occupy for an hour. I do not lose more than a dozen handkerchiefs in a month; nor have more than a quarter of an hour's hunt for my hat or gloves, whenever I am going out in a hurry. I found all this was but as dust in the balance. The first time I sat down to dinner, I made a horrible blunder; for, in my haste to help my friend to some asparagus, I pulled the dish a little out of its place, thereby deranging the exact hexagonal order in which the said dishes were arranged—I discovered my mishap, on hearing Mr. S. sharply rebuked for a similar offence.—Secondly, I sat half the evening with the cushion a full finger's breadth beyond the cane-work of my chair—and what is worse, I do not know that I should have been aware of my delinquency, if the agony of the lady's feelings had not, at length, overpowered every other consideration, and at last burst forth with, "Excuse me, Mr. ——, but do pray put your cushion straight; it annoys me beyond measure to see it otherwise." My third offence was displacing the snuffer-stand from its central position between the candlesticks; my fourth, leaving a pamphlet I had been perusing on the piano-forte, its proper place being a table in the middle of the room, on which all books in present use were ordered to repose; my fifth,—but in short I should never have done, were I to enumerate every separate enormity of which I was guilty. My friend S.'s drawing room had as good a right to exhibit a placard of "Steel Traps and Spring Guns," as any park with which I am acquainted. In one place you were in danger of having your legs snapt off, and in another your nose. There never was a house so atrociously neat, every chair and table knew its duty; the very chimney ornaments had been "trained up in the way they should go," and woe to the unlucky wight who should make them "depart from it." Even those "chartered libertines," the children and dogs, were taught to be as demure and hypocritical as the matronly tabby cat herself, who sat with her fore-feet together and her tail curled round her as exactly as if she had been worked in an urn-rug, instead of being a live mouser. It was the utmost stretch of my friend's marital authority to get his favorite spaniel admitted to the honors of the parlor; and even this privilege is only granted in his master's presence. If Carlo happens to pop his unlucky brown nose into the room when S. is from home, he sets off with as much consciousness in his ears and tail as if he had been convicted of a larceny in the kitchen, and anticipated the application of the broom-stick. As to the children, heaven help them! I believe that they look forward to their evening visit to the drawing-room with much the same sort of feeling. Not that Mrs. S. is an unkind mother, or, I should rather say, not that she means to be so, but she has taken it into her head, that "preachee and floggee too" is the way to bring up children; and that as young people have sometimes short memories, it is necessary to put them verbally in mind of their duties,

From night till morn, from morn to dewy eve.

So it is with her servants; if one of them leaves a broom or a duster out of its place for a second, she hears of it for a month afterwards. I wonder how they endure it! I have sometimes thought that from long practice, they do not heed it—as a friend of mine, who lives in a bustling street in the city, tells me he does not hear the infernal noise of the coaches and carts in the front of his house, nor of a confounded brazier, who hammers away in his rear from morning till night. The worst of it is, that while Mrs. S. never allows a moment's peace to her husband, children, or servants, she thinks herself a jewel of a wife!—but such jewels are too costly for every-day wear. I am sure poor S. thinks so in his heart, and would be content to exchange half a dozen of his wife's tormenting good qualities, for the sake of being allowed a little common-place repose.

I shall never forget the delight I felt on entering my own house, after enduring her thraldom for two months. I absolutely revelled in disorder, and gloried in my litters. I tossed my hat one way, my gloves another; pushed all the chairs into the middle of the room, and narrowly escaped kicking my faithful Christopher, for offering to put it "in order" again. That cursed "spirit of order!" I am sure it is a spirit of evil omen to S. For my own part, I do so execrate the phrase, that if I were a Member of the House of Commons, and the *order* of the day were called for, I should make it a rule to walk out. Since my return home, I have positively prohibited the use of the word in my house; and have nearly quarrelled with an honest poulterer, who has served me for the last ten years, because he has a rascally shopman, who will persist in snuffling at my door (I hear him now from my parlor window,) "Any order this morning!" Confound the fellow!—that is his knock. I will go out, and offer him half-a-crown to change his phrase! When at school,

Order is heaven's first law

used to be our standing round-text copy; but were I doomed to transcribe the sentiment in these my days of adolescence, I should take the liberty of suggesting the new reading of—

Order is hell's first law—

for I feel satisfied that Satan himself is a "*particular* gentleman."

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CIRCULAR LETTERS OF CREDIT, issued to Travelers, which are cashed throughout Europe at the best rates of Exchange, and the circular letters of credit, and circular notes of the principal London Bankers cashed at the usual rates at the Paris office. Spreeial credits issued to parties purchasing merchandise.—Money received on deposit at our principal offices, on the usual terms.

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For the convenience of emigrants or others, we draw bills for £1 and upwards, upon the Royal Bank of Ireland, National Bank of Scotland, and Union Bank of London.

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By the Mail Steamship Lines, via. Panama, and also by the Nicaragua Steamship Lines, and to and from EUROPE BY THE LIVERPOOL, HAVRE AND BREMEN STEAM SHIP LINES.

The House in Paris is Agent for the New York and Havre Steam Navigation Company, and the Union Line of Havre Packets.

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BUFFALO & BRANTFORD RAILWAY.

SHORTEST ROUTE BETWEEN BUFFALO AND DETROIT,

BY THE

Buffalo and Brantford Railway,

In connection with the several Lines terminating in Buffalo, and the

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAIL ROAD,

To Chicago, St. Louis, and the Great West.

On and after Monday, the 11th inst., Three Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted,) leaving the New Depot on Erie street, Buffalo, at 10:45 and 11:25 A. M.

Morning Express leaves Detroit at 9 A. M. Paris at 3 P. M., and arrives in Buffalo at 7:5 P.M.

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Freight train leaves Paris at 9:50 A. M., arrives at Fort Erie at 2 P. M.

N. B.—This route connects with the several Eastern Lines terminating in Buffalo and the Michigan Central to Chicago.

Tickets may be procured at the Depot and at 37 Exchange street, Buffalo, and at the Office of the Company's Agents, in New York, Albany, Detroit and Chicago.

Baggage checked through.

Fare from Buffalo to Detroit.........$ 6

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WM. WALLACE, Sup't B. & B. R. W.

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HIGHLY PERFUMED with Rose Geranium, Citronella, and other choice Odors.

This article is introduced to the attention of the public after its virtues have been thoroughly tried. It is a significant and gratifying fact, that all who have used the

ROSE COMPOUND,

have been delighted with its effects. We do not believe a single case has occurred where it has failed, when used according to its directions, to stop the premature loss of the hair by falling out; and we give the most positive assurance that it will be found on trial to possess all those requisites for which it is recommended, and has already secured such general commendation.

As an article of DAILY use for dressing the hair, it is rapidly taking the place of Hair Oils, Pomatums, etc.,

Because of its Cheapness!

DELICIOUS PERFUME, AND WONDERFUL POWER IN PRODUCING AND MAINTAINING A PERMANENT GLOSSY SOFTNESS!

The superiority of the ROSE HAIR GLOSS in this respect, consists, not merely in its lubricating elements, but is chiefly attributable to its efficacy in cleansing the scalp of scurf or dandruff, stimulating the vessels and promoting the healthy secretion of Nature's own Hair Oil.

The first application of the Rose Hair Gloss should be abundant, not forgetting the vigorous friction and rubbing into the roots of the hair. Afterward a small quantity is sufficient, and the beneficial result will soon appear; the hair, before harsh, crisp and dry, becomes invested with a dark, rich lustre; the scalp is clean, free and healthy; the thin, feeble filiments grow out thick and strong; and by a continnance of this care, the hair will be preserved in its original healthful luxuriance; unchanged as to quality and color to the remotest period of his life.

The small quantity required to produce these desirable results and the LOW price for LARGE bottles, mark it as the Cheapest, and as we are confident it combines all the active agents which have yet been discovered for promoting the vegetative power, strength and beauty of the hair, we believe it is the BEST Hair preparation in the world.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. Keep the bottle corked. Liberal terms to Agents and wholesale purchasers.

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Monuments, Grave Stone, Table Tops, &c.,

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